Under the Blossom.

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT, AUTHOR OF "LINDENHOLM," "AMARANTH'S GARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHAT was Iris to do? Remain another night beneath the roof of one whose looks expressed such anger and contempt she felt she could not, and would not. Impetuous by nature, and now longing only to escape from the house which had become to her like a cage, she hurried upstairs, removed the dainty costume that had been the gift of Mrs. Danyers, and packed a hand-bag with a few articles that she had brought to the house (safe within that bag were Jack's photograph and letters and the discarded ring, though Iris gathered these together almost unconsciously). She had scarcely worn since her arrival the fawn dress and cape of which the style seemed now a little behind the times, though a few months back she donned them for her journey with proud satisfaction; now she put them on again with trembling hands, and, thinking she heard Leila's step, she opened the door hurriedly, for she knew Leila would lend her the travelling money till she could repay it by her earnings. It was only Stevens, and Iris asked with a face that betrayed her perplexity and disappointment: "Has not Miss Danyers come home yet, Stevens?"

"No, Miss Elwood; she expected to be back about seven. I beg your pardon, miss, but you do not look well; can I get anything for you?"

"No, Stevens. I am going away,—I am going home at once. Do you know the cheapest way to get to Paddington?"

"I hope, Miss Elwood," said Stevens, looking concerned, "you will change your mind, and not travel till the morning. I am sure Miss Danyers—and Mrs. Danyers too—would not like you to travel by the night train, and it's five o'clock already; you don't know London, Miss Elwood, and it isn't well for you to be about alone in the evening. Won't you stay and have a talk with Miss Danyers, miss?"

Stevens evidently had some idea that there had been "unpleasantness" between her mistress and the visitor, and she guessed the reason in her own mind pretty correctly.

"No, Stevens; I must go at once, the box I brought with me can follow later," said Iris, "I know there is a train from Paddington at 7.15. I wish," she added, colouring, "I had

Iris is introduced to Baby Jack. *p.* 163.

something to leave for you and Alice, and for the others too, but I shall not forget you by-and-by."

"Don't mention it, Miss Elwood," said Stevens, "I am sure we have been very pleased to do anything for you. Well, miss, if you really want to catch that train, I think you had better go by the District Railway; it isn't very pleasant travelling by it, but the station is not far from here, you know, and the fares are not expensive. You can go to Praed Street, and then you are at Paddington. Begging your pardon for asking the question, but are you provided as to money, miss? Going off all of a sudden like this, perhaps——"

"I have only two-and-ninepence," said Iris, with burning cheeks, "but I thought, if I left my umbrella and brooch—you see it is gold—at Paddington, the station-master would let me have a ticket to Bayston."

"Oh, don't put yourself to all that trouble, Miss Elwood. I have only just been paid, and I was going to put two pounds away in the Post Office to-morrow; you're very welcome to the two sovereigns, miss, and more, if you'll tell me how much you're wanting."

Iris was silent for awhile; she did not like to borrow from Stevens, yet somehow she felt as if, through the considerate kindness of the maid, the way was made clear and plain for her to take that long journey in safety.

"It is very, very good of you, Stevens," she said, brokenly. "Thirty shillings will cover all the expenses, and I will send you the money as soon as I can, with the same interest you would have had in the savings-bank."

"Oh, yes, miss, that will be all right; but you must take the two pounds, one never knows what may happen in travelling," said Stevens; and not only did she insist on lending this amount, but she put on her things, and escorted Iris to the station, where she saw her safely into the train that would carry her on her way to Paddington.

"I know Miss Leila would wish it," she said, "and so would mistress, I am sure." But "Miss Leila" was Stevens' help and ideal; and in befriending bewildered Iris, she felt she was only "passing on" the sympathy and kindness her young mistress had shown to her and hers.

"Now you will be all right, miss," she said, as Iris bade her good-bye.

Iris leant back, weary, but, oh! how thankful, in the railway-carriage, feeling almost as in a dream, as she realised that within a few hours she would see the old home again. Why, they would all be in bed! But they would know her old, familiar knock, and she knew how glad and tender would be the welcome, and how her mother's face would brighten at sight of her long-absent child again!

It seemed to Iris, who was not used to that mode of travelling, that they stopped very often, and that people were continually getting in and out. "I wonder if I change for Praed Street," she thought at last; "perhaps it will be on my ticket," and she put her hand in her pocket to find her purse. Poor Iris! her face grew crimson, and her heart beat quickly and in affright—there was no purse to be found! It was quite a small one, a birthday present once from Nelly, and well-worn and old; but it held Stevens' two sovereigns and the ticket, and Iris was so frightened, she cried out almost unconsciously. The carriage was full of people, and everyone looked in her direction.

"Is anything the matter?" asked an old gentleman, rather testily, for he had been startled and interrupted while reading the evening paper.

"I have lost my purse!" cried Iris, "and it had my ticket and the money to take me home, and now I have nothing at all, and whatever am I to do?" She suddenly noticed that many of the passengers looked incredulous, and betook themselves to their own concerns again; one had to be so cautious, they felt, for London is so full of impostors!

"Where did you lose it?" asked the old gentleman, surveying Iris with a severe aspect of cross-examination.

"I don't know," said Iris, who was nearly breaking down in her agitation. "I might have dropped it on the stairs, for we ran down quickly to catch the train. Perhaps it did not go properly into my pocket, but I think I had it all right in the train. I don't know what to do now."

"Poor girl! perhaps someone took it and got out at the next station," suggested a lady compassionately, and then she once more perused her magazine.

"You had better let the railway people know," said another.

"If ladies *will* wear their pockets in places which can so easily be reached by the criminal classes, and which are a temptation to dishonesty——" commenced the old gentleman, shaking his head disapprovingly at Iris. But a quiet-looking lady in the corner, with a sweet, kind face that gave Iris a sensation of rest and relief directly, said in a low voice, "Would you come and sit by me, my dear, and tell me your destination? Perhaps I can advise you in your dilemma."

"I have to go to Bayston," said Iris, "and now I have nothing left; and what shall I say when they ask for my ticket?"

The lady asked her where she came from, and how much it would cost to take her home. She could see the girl was in great trouble, and really ill from fright; and after thinking it over, she said, "I have only about ten shillings with me, but I could send you home to-morrow, if you like to come with me and have a rest. I could telegraph to your friends that you are safe with me,—and you look quite unfit to take a long journey now. The station-master where I am going to alight knows me very well, as I often meet country girls on behalf of the union for befriending young women with which I am connected. I have just been to visit one of our girls who is an assistant now in a fancy-shop at Notting Hill. This is my card," and, as she handed it to Iris, the girl looked at her in startled dismay, and faltered—

"I scarcely think you will want me to visit you—I am Iris Elwood; and—and—it is over now—my engagement to your brother."

"So you are Iris!" said the lady, in astonishment. "I have seen your photograph, but you look different in a hat. Oh, you know you owe me a visit; and though things may be changed between you and Jack, my home is always open to anyone in trouble and needing a helping hand. You really must have a rest before you go home, and I am sure your mother would prefer for you to take that long journey by daylight."

Iris made no further protest; she was tired out body and mind, and, somehow, it was pleasant to be protected and cared for by the one who had been as a mother to "Jack." She explained to Mrs. Harper that she wanted to surprise them at home on the morrow, so no telegram was sent to Bayston; but Mrs. Harper acquainted the railway officials with the details of the lost purse, and they promised to let Iris know if anything further were heard concerning it.

Poor Iris had food for troubled thought indeed in the fact that she would now have two loans to repay—Stevens'

money and Mrs. Harper's. "I must go to Miss Crockard as soon as I get back," she decided, "and perhaps she will pay me monthly this time, so that I can send back these loans; I know she will take me again as a teacher." But worries and anxieties, and even her sense of shame in meeting James Harper again and remembering how haughtily she had treated him in St. Alwys' Gardens, passed away when, for the first time for many months, Iris made one of a circle gathered for family worship, after the hospitable tea-supper was over. She learnt to look with different eyes upon the warm-hearted, Christian master of Mountain Ash Cottage, as she received his welcome beneath their roof, and as she heard him lead his household in prayer so fervent, so sincere that the lack of education became as nothing to his fellow-worshippers. He even gave thanks that "our young friend when in trouble" was brought into contact with one whose glad privilege it was to shelter her that evening; and Iris felt like rendering thanksgiving too, for her heart was at rest—she felt so safe, so peaceful in that kindly Christian home. It was not that the "cottage" was in reality a comfortable, roomy house, nor that Mrs. Danyers' "milkman" was proprietor of many branch dairies and in a thoroughly prosperous way of business, but husband and wife were so genuinely kind, so abounding in hospitality, that Iris was more than content to be there. Even when Mrs. Harper, in bidding her good-night, apologised for her home being so full of portraits of her much-loved brother, which overflowed even into the spare bedroom, Iris assured her quite cheerfully that she did not mind it at all—she "liked looking at portraits."

CHAPTER X.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

NO further mention was made of "Jack." Iris awoke in the morning beneath his beaming smile, as a cherubic-looking child of four with a lace collar and an elaborate curl on the top of his head—and, when she turned to the right, she saw him as a studious youth of seventeen, posed by the photographer in rapt contemplation of an array of volumes in his vicinity. Iris had a good look at these likenesses, and decided that she preferred the "present-day" portrait within the depths of her bag; but she was engaged in a critical scrutiny of some Welsh views to her left when Mrs. Harper came in, bearing a most attractive breakfast-tray, and refusing to let her get up till she had partaken of refreshment.

"You looked quite worn out last night," she said, "and you have a long journey before you; we had to breakfast early, as Mr. Harper had to go into the country to-day. Now drink this tea, like a good girl; and while you take your breakfast you shall see my boy. I hope he did not keep you awake last night."

Very soon a blue-eyed baby-boy was seated on the bed, cooing and crowing and filling the heart of his mother with pride and delight. Iris inquired his name, and relapsed into silence when informed this was baby "Jack." Mrs. Harper did not tell her that they were expecting her brother at Mountain Ash Cottage that day, to remain till his London business was concluded; she felt that if they had mutually agreed to end the engagement, it would be awkward and painful for the two to meet; and therefore she raised no protest when Iris suggested she should try for the one-o'clock London train to Bayston.

"I will take you to Paddington myself," she said, "and you must be careful that *this* ticket does not go astray, my dear. What a frightened little mortal you looked last evening, poor child! I did feel so truly sorry for you."

"I will keep it in my glove till I give it up at Bayston," resolved Iris; "but, oh, how can I ever thank you enough for your kindness to me? I did not know where to turn—and I am sure I do not know what would have become of me without you."

"Why, my dear, I saw you were in real distress; and, as one whose whole life is crowned with goodness and mercy, I certainly must show mercy to others. As we go through life it is a joy and privilege to hold out a helping hand to one another."

They seemed old friends, somehow, by the time they parted at Paddington. The morning was bright and sunny, and the weather such as seemed to whisper hope and peace to the traveller. But even as Mrs. Harper kissed her, and she looked her last on the kind, womanly face, her heart ached anew as she realised they *might* have met and parted as sisters, and with no mutual reserve between them, save for the selfish ambition which had caused her to sever her life from John Hyldon's.

That journey gave Iris a long, quiet thinking-time. She remembered with what longings to shine in society, and to win admiration from all, she had bidden farewell to "dull old Bayston," as she had contemptuously called the village then; she had excited not only admiration but envy, and she had spent her time in a round of so-called enjoyment, but she knew that she had not been satisfied—her heart had not been at rest. She was glad and thankful to be going home—she felt she would rather be sharing the struggles from which she once longed to escape, than trembling in secret fear lest the persuasions of her hostess should induce her to marry for money, and bring upon herself lifelong remorse and unhappiness. She felt during that homeward journey like a bird that is once more at liberty.

It was evening when, after many delays, Iris found herself again at the familiar country station with "Bayston," in ornamental stones, and a tidy row of pansies adorning the side of the platform. She slipped out of the side-gate as quietly as she could, for she was conscious that the porter was gazing after her in open-mouthed surprise at her appearance on the scene, with none of the family waiting there to meet her. Short as was the distance to Lime-tree Grange, it seemed long to Iris; for now she was so near her home a dread seized her lest all should not be well within—lest her mother's face, tender and gentle as ever, should not be there to welcome her back.

The garden was empty; Iris thought it looked more neglected than of old, for she had been fond of gardening, and "Jack" had kept the lawn in order. She stole round to the porch, and there she heard voices through the open window of the breakfast-room; she paused, startled, and somewhat amused, for it gradually became evident to her that Nelly had a lover, and an affectionate one, and Iris very soon recognised his voice as belonging to her father's successor, Dr. Weston.

"No, Frank, you really must not try to persuade me," she heard Nelly say; "how could I possibly leave mother and the children to struggle on alone? You know how feeble mother is; it seems to me she gets weaker instead of stronger. Do you think I am going to desert her when she needs me so sorely? You must not talk upon that subject any more; I do not expect to be able to marry you for years and years; you know I told you so when first you——"

There was an interlude here, and then Nelly went on,

somewhat falteringly, "You see Clover and Colin are only children, and my sister is away in London; I do not think she will come back here. Of course, if Iris were here to help mother——"

"Iris *is* here," said her elder sister, rushing in, and taking blushing Nelly into her arms. "Nelly dear, I have heard some of your talk, but not very much; I must not listen any more, must I, Dr. Weston—— ?"

"Excuse me—'brother Frank,'" said the doctor, who looked as delighted as Nelly to see Iris back again.

"Brother Frank, then," said Iris, laughing. "I beg to inform you both I have come back to help mother, and I mean to stay at home now; so you can take away this sister of mine when you choose, only I don't see how any of us are to do without her. Nelly was always worth ten or twelve of myself."

But Nelly would let her say no more; she wanted to prepare Mrs. Elwood for her sister's arrival. The excited cries of the twins betrayed the news very soon, however, and Mrs. Elwood told Iris it was better than all "Frank's" medicine to see her child's face again, and know she was glad to get home to her mother.

"We only want Jack now," said Clover, who was allowed to sit up to the festive supper, and whose eyes gazed with the deepest admiration at her eldest sister, with hair arranged so becomingly, and recent experiences of garden-parties and countless delights that seemed to Clover like a fairy-tale.

"But Jack has gone away," said Colin; "he got very dull and mopy, and now we never see him at all. Isn't he your sweetheart now, Iris?"

Nelly stopped him with a helping of stewed cherries; her quick eyes had noticed that Iris no longer wore her betrothal ring. "She will tell me all about it upstairs," thought Nelly, full of pity for the sister in whose case the course of true love was not running smoothly and brightly.

But upstairs Iris only said, "Please do not speak about John Hyldon, Nelly. I saw him in London, and we are not engaged now—it has been all my fault, but it is over now, let us talk about something else. Fancy you and Dr. Weston becoming engaged! And is he really going to take a practice in London?"

"Not in London exactly," said Nelly, "in a lovely part of Surrey—all hills and wild flowers, he says. A partnership has quite suddenly been offered him with an old friend of his father's, and he wants to take me with him there, but I don't know what to say about it, Iris."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Iris, laughing; "but I remember a time when you almost resented the said doctor's practising in this neighbourhood, instead of poor father. When did you begin to feel interested in him, Nelly?"

"Oh," said Nelly, "he was so good to the children in their illness, and so attentive to mother; and one day when I was obliged to tell him we would try to do without his kind help any more, for we had to consider expenses, and therefore would he mind letting us have the account in, he said he would not take any payment, except—except—"

"Nelly herself," said Iris. "Well, he *is* a lucky mortal! but, oh, dear, what shall we do without you, Nell?"

"I suppose it all seems dreadfully shabby to you, after St. Alwys' Gardens, doesn't it, Iris?" asked Nelly, wistfully. "Things *will* wear out, however careful one may be; and did you notice that great darn in the parlour carpet? It is better, though, than catching one's foot in the hole."

"I never noticed it," said Iris, truthfully. "It does look shabby, of course, after Mrs. Danyers' house; but where mother is, is home. Oh, Nelly! how tired and ill she looks—and she is wearing still that same old dress."

"Yes, she *would* make me have this blouse," said Nelly; "mother never thinks of herself. We have had a lot of worries, Iris, and I think mother has been anxious about *you* too; your coming back will do her ever so much good. There! mother is coming up, and she will want a long talk with you, I know; but, Iris, you and I must manage somehow to get some material, and surprise mother with a dress. I know I could make it, if I could get the stuff."

"I will help you," said Iris; "I have been watching Mrs. Danyers' maid, and I know more about dressmaking now. Mother *shall* have a new dress, Nelly dear—for her second daughter's wedding-day!"

(*To be concluded.*)

SOME NOTABLE MOTHERS.

IV.—Monica, the Mother of St. Augustine.

BY EDITH C. KENYON, AUTHOR OF "HILDA; OR, LIFE'S DISCIPLINE," ETC.

THE history of Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, is full of encouragement for mothers whose prayers "rise like a fountain—night and day" on behalf of sons who seem altogether heedless and neglectful of the things which belong unto their peace. For *thirty years*, notwithstanding the most grievous discouragements, Monica prayed for her son's salvation, with the happy result that he was converted, and became a saint of God.

Monica was born in Africa, in the year 332. Her parents were Christians, and so she was brought up in the Christian faith. And yet, notwithstanding this, in early womanhood she was compelled to become the wife of a heathen, named Patricius of Sebaste.

Thus, unfortunately, their child Augustine was born, in 354, into a divided house as regards the essential matter of religion. But the wisdom and self-control of the young mother bridged over the division as much as possible.

Her husband was very hot-tempered, so much so indeed that at times he even used personal violence towards her. But, true wife as she was, Monica never complained of this to others. Her son knew of it, however, and when he was a man wrote in his "Confessions," "Yet had it never been heard, nor by any token perceived that Patricius had beaten his wife."

When asked by wondering neighbours how she could endure such a temper as her husband's, Monica would reply that she had learnt never to resist him, either in word or deed, whilst he was angry. Only afterwards, "when he was smooth and tranquil and in a temper to receive it," she would explain the actions which had offended him, in the hope that he would see that he had been over-hasty in taking offence.

Monica's life must have been most difficult at that time, for we read of her mother-in-law, who lived with them, "being set against her," by the whisperings of wicked servants, until she too became incensed. Yet Monica so over-

came this feeling "by observance and persevering endurance and meekness, that in the end these whispering tongues were silenced, and the two women lived together with a remarkable sweetness of mutual kindness."

Towards the end of his life, Monica had the great joy of winning her husband over to the faith, the beauty of which she enforced, not only with her lips, but by her consistent, holy life.

From the first, as was natural, the good mother longed to dedicate her child to God, and when he was very young he felt religious impulses which must have given her great hopes. But these were disappointed when he was a little older, for then she had the bitter grief of seeing him whom she had so carefully trained and taught, plunged into a sinful course of life. But Monica was a praying woman, and she carried this great trouble to the throne of grace, and prayed with tears for the salvation of her son. As he wrote afterwards :—

"Thy faithful one, weeping to Thee for me, more than mothers weep the bodily health of their children ; for she discovered the death wherein I lay ; and Thou despisedst not her tears, when, streaming down, they watered the ground in every place where she prayed."

Augustine was sent to Carthage to be educated in his sixteenth year. Amongst other books he there studied was Cicero's "Hortentius," which caused many of his ideas to change. Purer and higher aims awoke within his mind. He longed for wisdom. But he found in "Hortentius" no

From Ary Scheffer's painting] **St. Augustine and Monica.** [*in the National Gallery.*

mention of the name of Christ. Impelled by his better motives, the youth turned to the Holy Scriptures ; but, as he afterwards said, "his swelling pride shrank from their lowliness." He therefore went back to his other studies, pursuing them for two years after his father's death.

But all the time these studies went on he was conscious of an inward want, that which afterwards made him say, "The heart is restless till it rests in Thee."

Once his mother was comforted by a dream which she believed to be a vision sent from God. It seemed to her she stood upon a bridge of safety, when a shining youth came up to her, with words of comforting assurance about him for whom she had been praying before she fell asleep. The promise given her was that "Where she was, there should her son be also." Then, in her dream, she beheld him standing by her side. Thus cheered by what seemed like "a sign from heaven," the mother went on praying.

Augustine had several friends, and by-and-by one of them named Nebridius, whom he had himself led away from the religion of Christ, fell ill, and became converted. Augustine tried to jest with him about the matter, but he shrank from him, and bade him if he wanted to continue to be his friend never to speak to him in that way again. Augustine was amazed, but made up his mind that he would renew the attack when his friend recovered. "But," he said afterwards, "he was taken away from my madness." The young man died, and the awfulness of what had occurred deeply impressed Augustine.

Monica followed her son to Carthage in 380. Soon after he began to make a reputation as a teacher of rhetoric. Fancying that in Rome there would be more scope for the exercise of his powers of eloquence, and also that there he would find greater advantages as a student, he determined to go to this city. But he hid this from his mother, and even acted deceitfully in his way of leaving her. For he pretended he was only going to escort some friends to the ship in which he sailed away himself.

Poor Monica! She spent the night in an oratory near the place of embarkation, to find on the morrow that her hard-hearted son had deceived and deserted her. With an aching heart she returned home, and again began to pray on his behalf.

In Rome Augustine fell ill, and lay for some time at death's door. But he did not die. On his recovery he again turned to the study of the Holy Scriptures, only to meet with difficulties everywhere. Then he accepted the appointment of professor of rhetoric in Milan, and went to live there.

To Milan his forgiving mother followed him. "Resolute," he said, "through piety, following over sea and land, in all dangers confiding in Thee. She found me in grievous peril, through despair of ever finding truth."

Under the teaching of Bishop Ambrose, Augustine ceased to be a Manichee, and although he was not yet a Christian, woman-like, Monica "loved that man as an angel of God who had brought her son so far out of darkness."

Amongst the many friends Augustine had in Milan was one named Alypius, who had been his pupil in rhetoric, and who came from his native town in Africa. The two were soon very intimate, and they began to study together St. Paul's writings. As they did so, many of Augustine's former difficulties were explained. Simplicius, the father of Bishop Ambrose, was very kind in giving Augustine the benefit of his advice, and relating to him his experiences. The young men also heard accounts of conversions which surprised them.

In the end, both seekers found peace, and forthwith they went to Monica, who was doubtless at the very time praying for her son, and told her that they believed even as she did.

Her joy was great. The record is, "She triumphs and blesses God."

After Augustine and his friend had been baptised, the little party set out to return once more to Africa. They stopped to rest at Ostia. There the mother and son lingered together by a certain window looking over the Tiber—Ary Scheffer has painted them thus—and there, wrapt in such soul communion as they had never known before, they talked about the eternal life, wondering in what exact particular its blessedness consisted.

"Son, for my part," said Monica, at length, "I have no further delight in anything in this life. One thing there was for which I desired to linger for a while—that I might see thee a true Christian before I died. My God hath now done this for me more abundantly, that I now see thee, despising earthly happiness, become His servant. What do I here?"

Five days afterwards Monica fell ill of a fever.

"Here shall you bury your mother," she said to her son, one day, on recovering from a swoon. "Nothing is far to God," she added to someone who condoled with her upon being buried so far from her home.

"I closed her eyes," said St. Augustine, "and there flowed a mighty sorrow into my heart."

She had called him dutiful in her illness and had remarked that she had never heard him say a harsh or reproachful word to her. "And yet, oh my God," he cried, "what comparison is there between that honour which I paid her and her slavery for me?" adding that his "soul was wounded, and that life rent asunder as it were, which of hers and mine together had been made but one."

Thus Monica died; and thus was she mourned for by the son for whom she had prayed night and day for thirty long years.

THE REASON WHY.

"WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (age just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor.

And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.

"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"*'Cause it was me that fell!*"

MARY E. BRADLEY.

OUR HOME LAUNDRY.

BY AN AMATEUR LAUNDRESS.

IV.—Paraffin and Bran Washing.

"THINK, dear Helen, what a terrible smell there will be!"

"Be assured, dear Annie, there will be no odour."

The doubter was myself. The assurer was Helen.

My elder sister was sorting a number of terrible kitchen rubbers unearthed from behind an oat-bin in the back kitchen. Of course, our present Phyllis had never, never, put one there. Equally, of course, the departed head of our culinary department must be the culprit.

Sufferers—their quartette of young mistresses!

"No amount of soaking will ever get these clean," had insisted our Helen, just touching the obnoxious-looking towels with the tips of her dainty fingers. "Paraffin is the only thing."

This had called forth my expostulation.

Since then, however, such is the rapid and easy method of paraffin washing that I am a staunch advocate of it for all very much soiled things. We labour under one great disadvantage for this kind of laundry work. In the laundry at the Rectory there is no copper. However, many of my readers may be in the same predicament. Our experience will therefore be an extra help to them.

We use a big twelve-gallon iron oval pot instead of a copper. Of course, it is a makeshift. Those who have one must read copper instead of pot all through this paper.

We fill the pot about three parts full, and shred into it half a pound of soap to every eight gallons of water. When this is melted, we let the water come to a quick boil. Then, and not till then, we add one and a half tablespoonfuls of pure paraffin oil.

We take our rubbers—very grimy and very black they are generally—and, without any previous soaking, we put them *bone dry* into the boiling pot. For half an hour we leave them, taking care that they are boiling *fast* all the time.

"If the water stops boiling for an instant," directed Helen, on our first attempt, "a scum of greasy stuff rises, and the dirt settles back on the clothes. Besides, *that* is when the smell comes in, Annie."

"Also when you lift out the clothes," I remarked, sniffing the steaming white—yes! actually white—rubbers as we lifted them from the pot. "Oh, Helen, the odour is dreadful."

"Wait a bit," directed our instructress, "we are going to rinse those glass cloths through three waters at least: Presto! the smell is gone!"

Gone it was, indeed, when we took in a dozen or so sweet, snowy napkins from the garden that same evening.

We presented Phyllis with twelve new dish rubbers the next day—she did not recognise them, and probably thought she had discovered an easy method of ridding herself of greasy articles. The oat-bin harboured such each week, which were presented back to our cook with unfailing regularity. Phyllis was a valuable servant in many ways, and paraffin helped her young mistress to overlook an unfortunate propensity for dirty cloths and the oat-bin.

This method of washing has a great deal to recommend it. It has also its drawbacks.

It requires a great deal of *hot* water. Besides taking three rinsings, the water in the boiler has often to be changed. You see, none of the dirt is taken out of the cloths by previous soaking; they are boiled with all the dirt in them. Consequently the water in the pot very soon becomes too dirty to use. Then it must be emptied, refilled, and brought to the boil again.

We have found this all takes so much water and so much time, that we *only* do kitchen-rubbers in this way. For them it is absolutely successful. The very blackest cannot withstand the gentle influence of the cleansing oil. Try one in an ordinary saucepan, and you will never wash them in any other way.

Vera reminds me that I promised in one of my former papers to talk of how to wash crewel work.

Now, I fervently hope those monstrosities called "cruel antimacassars" have quite gone out of fashion. Macassar oil for the hair has not been heard of for long. Why do we need a wisp of holland to protect our chair backs therefore? However, I will tell how any possessor of such works of art may rejuvenate them.

Put a handful of wheat-bran into a pan with one pint of cold water. Boil gently for half an hour. Strain and add another pint of warm water. If much soiled, a little melted soap is added to this preparation. Have ready a pan of rinsing water. After kneading and squeezing the wool-work in the bran mixture, if the water is very much discoloured, throw a handful of salt and a dash of vinegar into the rinsing bowl. Squeeze, and wring very thoroughly. Dry as quickly as possible.

Fancy work often washes well, and will only run and smear when drying. So, as much care should be taken to dry quickly as to wash rapidly.

Before the holland becomes rough and wrinkled—in fact, while still a wee bit off bone dry—iron on the wrong side.

Sometimes an article will not turn. If this be the case, put a cloth over its face first and smooth well.

Never bring the iron into direct contact with silk or wool. If the heater be hot enough to take out the water-marks, it will tinge or discolour the work.

Now I think I have told you quite enough about our Home Laundry. The work is one in which no lady need be ashamed to engage. I would advise all who attempt it, however, to use good soap, and be very careful to dry their hands thoroughly afterwards.

I do not think we four girls have redder wrists or rougher fingers than others of our station. I know we have our things sweeter and cleaner and whiter than most.

One word of caution. I have heard that husbands are dreadful tyrants. In any case, I would strongly advise wife readers to keep these papers out of sight, unless they mean to take up heartily, cheerfully, and earnestly the economical, easy, and dainty institution of a Home Laundry.

A Mother's Love.—No language can express the power, and beauty, and heroism, and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness?

HOW FLOUR IS MADE.

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

OF all the vast changes that have taken place during the Victorian era in science, arts, commerce, and manufactures, there is perhaps none more remarkable—certainly, none of more practical importance to the people at large—than the drastic and widespread revolution recently accomplished in the manufacture of flour.

From the earliest dawn of the world's history "the flour of wheat" has been produced by subjecting the grain to a crushing or grinding process by means of stones specially adapted for the purpose—whether, as is still the custom of some savage tribes, by placing the grain on one stone and simply striking and crushing it with another, or reducing it into meal by the ancient "quern," or hand-grinding machine yet used by women in the East. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill," we are told in Holy Writ, and this primitive method, with but few developments, has continued practically to modern times. Space will not permit us to enumerate these developments beyond a passing glance at some of the more important changes adopted in Great Britain. These were at best unscientific and clumsy, but men were feeling their way to improved methods, as the records of the Patent Office during the present century amply testify.

An Essex Windmill.

At first, even in this country, the grain was ground by rotating by hand one mill-stone upon another, the latter being stationary, and the crushed meal was made into bread. Then came another step, and the meal thus ground was sifted by hand-sieves into flour, the refuse forming food for cattle. From this the transition to mill-stones driven by oxen, or by a water-wheel in special buildings for the purpose, came in due time, the ground material falling into a tub or trough, thence to be shovelled out and sifted by hand. This method survives even yet in some out-of-the-way corners of Great Britain. Time went on, bringing fresh ideas, and the hand-sieve was superseded by revolving cylindrical frames covered with a close wire or gauze for sifting the meal as it came from the mill-stones. These gave way in turn to more perfect cylinders, covered with silk of varying degrees of fineness, for making yet better flour than that which had gone before. The writer is not aware of silk being used for this purpose, so far as Great Britain is concerned, previous to the Crimean War, about which period milling began to rear its head as a more important business in our large centres of commerce.

It was not until 1862, however, that any marked signs of the mighty change then impending began to appear in Great Britain, though it is but fair to add that from Hungary, for years previously, had come to these shores, flour of marvellous whiteness, gluten, and flavour, of which the secret of manufacture had been well kept. At the exhibition of 1862 a German inventor brought into public notice a small machine of fluted parallel rollers for the crushing of wheat by the process now well known as "gradual reduction," by which the whole grain was reduced to a granular mass consisting of flour mixed with what is also well known as "middlings" and "semolina," together with bran and other so-called "impurities." We must here digress to explain, briefly and simply, the nature of wheat.

The berry consists, roughly speaking, of an oval-shaped grain tightly wrapped as it were into a parcel of which the covering is neatly tucked up into the centre. Inside the parcel (to continue the simile) are a number of little cells, as in a honeycomb, and these are filled with tiny granules of starch or "gluten" of varying size, which, when ground, form the body of the flour. The walls of these cells are branny "impurities," which together with the outer covering form bran and other refuse for feeding cattle. At one end of the parcel or grain is a kind of beard or bristle, also an impurity, while at the other end is the germ or "life" of the grain, an oily, oval substance of intense sweetness. With this digression, which is necessary to explain the change of manufacture, we proceed with our main subject of flour-making.

The roller mill shown at the exhibition of 1862 attracted the attention of a miller in the East of England, who eventually—we believe in 1864—introduced the new system, imperfect as it then was, into his mill. It did not become generally known, however, until later; but in 1869 the system was in use in several large mills in the South and West of Ireland, in London, Liverpool, and Bristol, while millers as a whole kept to the old paths.

The scene then changes to America, where the new system was beginning to make a stir among our go-ahead Yankee cousins, who with their national smartness were not slow to take hold of fresh ideas, especially as further mills were needed for the vast grain country rapidly opening westward. The new system, once introduced into the States, made enormous strides, and soon our manufacturers here began to suffer from the increasing competition of American flour, and the home-trade seemed in jeopardy. This brings us

Spinsters.

to 1877, when British millers as a class were waking up to the fact that a change was imperative, and much interest was attracted by a number of millers (since known as the "Vienna Party") going to Hungary to inspect the leading mills, then the best in the world, at Buda-Pesth and other places. From this time the changes have been gradual, though drastic, all through Great Britain, and mill-stones with respect to the modern manufacture of flour are a thing of the past.

The system thus inaugurated consists (the wheat having been thoroughly cleaned from dirt, straws, and other impurities by special machinery) of crushing the grain on three or more pairs of fluted rollers, with a sifting sieve or cylinder between each crushing. After the last sifting, only bran remains to come over the top of the sieve. The crushed material that has come through the meshes of the successive sieves is then collected into a cylindrical frame covered with silk and called a "grader." This takes out first any flour made in crushing the wheat, then the starchy or glutinous granules of the wheat known as "middlings" and "semolina."

The flour thus sifted out is, of course, done with, but the "middlings" and "semolina" need further treatment to purify them from the branny impurities before alluded to as forming the walls of the starch and gluten cells in the grain. This separation takes place on a machine called a "purifier," which may be described as a long sieve closely boxed in. The "middlings" or "semolina" are admitted at one end of this silk-covered frame or sieve, which is suitably agitated to make the material travel forward. As it travels a current is drawn by a fan through the meshes of the silk, carrying with it the light, fuzzy, or branny impurities, leaving the "middlings" or "semolina" white and clean. These, now purified, are fit for a final crushing between smooth rollers, and the crushed material, being dressed through silk-covered cylinders, is finally drawn off into sacks, and constitutes flour ready for use in bakehouse or in home.

We think a change that has cost millions of money during the last decade, and has banished apparently for all time the ancient mill-stone, which has more or less served mankind from the mists of antiquity until our own day, cannot be regarded without deep interest, especially by those mothers with many mouths to fill, with whom good and cheap bread is the veritable "staff of life."

SENSIBLE CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WIFE'S GUIDE TO HEALTH," ETC.

SOMETIMES we now-a-days hear the term "rational clothing" made use of, as applied to the dress of women folks. I confess I do not quite know what a rationally clothed young lady means, though I guess, and I should feel a trifle shy in discussing the subject, being that way built. But as to our poor, tender children, the term rational dress may well be applied to them, and in a very wide sense too. Common sense, indeed, should guide us in dressing our young folks. Common sense and some slight knowledge of anatomy and physiology are really necessary in order to enable us to determine how a child should be clothed for dear life's sake, but these scientific terms need not frighten any mother. Be it mine, anyhow, in this short paper to simplify matters as much as possible, so that she who runs may read.

But somehow or other I feel I should be doing less than my duty to the mother and her children if I did not say a word or two about ablution, before going on to talk about clothing. Mind you this, mamma, a clean-skinned child is usually a healthy, hard-fleshed, happy sort of an infant, who eats his food heartily, crows and laughs and leaps, and gives very little bother upon the whole. At all events, a child who is a stranger to soap and water cannot possibly be healthy.

Up to twelve months baby may simply be washed upon the knee, but after that I say tub the little rogue. The water may be cold in summer, and the chill taken off in winter, but never warm. Wash the head and sponge it well with cold water first, then put him in up to the neck.

The soap I recommend is Lanoline. It is peculiarly emollient. Glycerine soap is not always to be recommended, for on some skins it has an irritant effect.

Once a day will be sufficient for a nice bath of this kind, and the morning is the best time if the child be reasonably strong. The child must not be put in the tub while sweating, nor while too cold, but just when he has enough animal heat wherewithal to sustain him, and induce a good reaction.

Rub dry, and well dry too, with a not too rough towel, because the skin of a child is very tender. Then use a kind of friction massage with the hand. In some cases it isn't a bad plan to use sea-salt in the water. This may be used as a kind of douche the last thing.

And now having bathed the child, let us dress him.

I shall say nothing in this paper concerning the clothing of very young infants. Nurses should know all about that. By the way, though, I should have warned the mother not to let soap into the eyes of their children while washing them. It really does do much harm, independent of the pain. Here is a boy's essay on soap, which I remember reading in some funny Yankee paper. It is somewhat humorous, and humour you know is light. A little bit of real humour in an article is far better than a bad illustration. "Soap," says the literary urchin, "is a kind of stuff made into cakes that smell good but taste horrid. Soap juice tastes worsest when ye gets it in your eyes. Mother says the Eskimaux don't never use soap. Don't I wish I was a Eskimaux." But joking apart, reader, soap in the eyes has been known to produce inflammation ere now.

As for clothes, I should not require to tell any mother that they ought to be worn more for warmth and protection than for effect and appearance. But, alas! how many mammas dress their "bairnies" more with a view of making them outshine those of their neighbours, than of studying comfort. Mind, I am not blind to infantile beauty, and this *may* be studied in dress *if* warmth and easedom are taken into consideration.

I. Tight clothing is unwholesome. That you may take as axiomatic. And no matter where the tightness is, it is injurious, because it impedes the circulation. The part of the body to which the tightness is most usually applied is the waist, by means of bands or little corsets. It has a double action for evil when applied in this region of the

body. It divides the body into two, one might almost say. The circulation is dammed up also externally as well as internally. Even the nutrition of the lower limbs may suffer. But the free play of the intestinal canal is greatly interfered with, and so is that of the pancreas and the liver, and the last, at all events, is one of the most important organs in the whole body. But this is not the worst, for the action of the lungs is greatly hampered, and mothers must remember that if these have not free play, the blood cannot be sufficiently oxygenised nor purified; while I should not be going too far were I to say that ailments may thus be generated which may destroy life itself shortly after puberty. So I say beware of tightness round the waist.

Mothers don't err so much in the direction of tightness round the head, but they do sometimes, and cause their children to wear tight hats, by which the cranial circulation is much obstructed, and headaches, and even brain troubles of other kinds may be the result. Tight garters around little legs may also cause mischief, the least of which may be chilblains and tender feet. Bear in mind, then, that Nature in the child calls aloud for everything loose in the shape of garments.

II. Head gear should be considered also with regard to sun and air. The head should be kept cool, and permitted to breathe as it were. If hard, close stuff is worn, such as felt, the perspiration is kept in—the child might as well wear a continual poultice. I assure you, mother, your children's heads and hair, including even the brain, are likely to suffer from the wearing of such close, hard hats. A knitted garment is better, and probably the Tam o' Shanter is the best of all, because it not only gives sufficient warmth, but is porous, and it also acts as a sunshade. One might almost say that one reason why the Scotch grow up so hardy and so thoughtful a race is because they wear worsted, knitted head-dresses.

III. As to the legs and feet. Reverting again to Scotland, we find that the natives of that wild, tempestuous land always keep the legs and feet warm. I am a Scot myself, so I know what I am talking about. But in summer-time, even the children of good families are permitted to run about their own lawns barefooted. Yet in winter the stockings are strong, soft, and warm, and the boots also strong and not tight; consequently in the Highland districts, at all events, such things as corns are almost unknown. Chilblain, too, is more an ailment of dwellers in cities and towns. Girls, I think, should wear Shetland wool if they can get the real stuff, which they can by post from Lerwick. You can buy it cheaply there, and get stockings knitted at home.

IV. I myself don't approve of linen next children's skin, in winter at all events. The woollen garments may be as light as you please, but let them be wool. Wool keeps up the warmth more equally, and if light it does not "plot" the skin. I'll tell you what "plotting" means in the next paragraph. Cotton cools down too soon, and indeed it may get cold while it is still wet with perspiration. The animal heat of the body is carried away too rapidly, and a chill to the delicate frame is the result—a chill that in many cases ends in inflammation.

V. "Plotting" the skin is a Scottish term, and one very full of meaning. Meat, for instance, is plotted by being plunged into hot water. It is not boiled or cooked in any way, but simply plotted. Well, this is just one of the things you are particularly to avoid in dressing your children. A too great weight of clothes will do this—the skin will be thereby rendered always warm and moist; and the child, unable to take exercise without perspiring, will fail to grow up hardy. There is all the difference between a bairn of this sort and one who is properly dressed, that there is betwixt a hot-house plant and "a heather-cowe."

VI. But when a child is having carriage exercise, where there is no movement of the body sufficient to keep up the animal heat, he must wear extra wraps.

VII. Have I said enough to show you that you are not to dress your children as "antics" or little mountebanks, but for warmth and comfort? If so, I am truly glad.

VIII. Just a word in conclusion about the weather. We are to protect against this, of course, but what I most determinedly object to is the wearing of impervious mantles, such as those made of india-rubber, and the wearing of goloshes. That is "plotting" the child with a vengeance. I would have all such garments sunk in the middle of the Arctic Ocean where sharks so swarm. The sharks would gobble them up, and they would do the sharks far less harm than they do our children.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

A NATURALLY buoyant and cheerful spirit is a gift of rare worth, and one which every faithful mother should strive to cultivate. Like the sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, and the song of birds, it brings light, colour, and joy into life in all its social contact. How quickly we recognise and feel the influence that is borne in upon us by this cheerfulness of spirit! The unconscious overflow of healthful joy in the happiness of childhood has a ministry of blessing. Much more the pleasant smile, the cheery word, the outlook ever towards the bright side of thought, feeling, and experience which each mother in her home may show forth.

How different the world appears as we pass from out the shadows of a moody, discontented, fretful spirit into the sunshine of cheerfulness! The fog-banks lift, and the light is sweet with the disclosure of things pleasant and desirable.

Among all the virtues, cheerfulness is one of the most desirable and profitable. Who would not wish to have her life so attuned that it might respond so quickly to joy-stirring influences that things hard and discordant could find slight opportunity to assert their power? Let us not think that cheerfulness is a gift of temperament and environment alone. No virtue is more susceptible of cultivation or more dependent upon right conditions of heart and life.

Cheerfulness of spirit is therefore to be found in its noblest expression in connection with Christian character. Deep down, below all natural gifts and outward circumstances, the soul may find the peace of God through union with Christ. In this saving trust, life becomes the partaker of joy that has a song even in the night, and out of this joy is born a cheerfulness that bears a wonderful testimony to the power of divine grace. It is this spirit, with its witness of an indwelling life of faith and joy in Christ, that every one of His disciples should seek to manifest in their every-day experience and contact with others.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

BY M. B. MANWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE BENTS OF BATTERSBY," ETC.

"CALL her what you like, but I won't have anything too fine, Janey. I couldn't up and tell parson some of they outlandish names as the neighbours choose at the christenings."

"Well, Jem, 'tis for you to say," responded Jem's wife, a gentle, yielding woman. "She'll always be 'Baby' to me, I expect."

"'Tain't for me to say," contradicted Jem. "'Tis for you, my girl, to choose. Couldn't you fancy a name as wouldn't be too upsetting, eh?"

"What 'd you say to 'Daisy,' Jem? Sounds meek and sweet, and home-like."

Janey looked up timidly at her husband.

"The very thing!" Jem energetically slapped his knee. "Daisy! Yes, modest and sweet, and none too fine, neither!"

So "Daisy" they christened the tiny human flower that had blossomed in the Temples' little home. But "Baby" she was always to her mother, for the little one reigned alone; there were no other children to share the lavish outpourings of Janey Temple's large heart.

"What a fuss the Temples do make over that child of theirs!" scoffed the neighbours in Marcham village. "They're fair demented about her."

"And like enough she'll grow up to make 'em wish she'd never been born; she's too pretty-favoured is Daisy."

The neighbours were right on one point. Daisy was rarely sweet in face, but she was as rarely sweet in heart.

Though the first—the gift of beauty—made her the idol of her parents; the second—the gift of grace—kept the little maid unspoiled. Her nature was as new-fallen snow, pure and unsullied.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" whispered the quiet, still mother to herself. She was an ordinary-looking, common-place young woman, Janey Temple. "Dull and lumpish," said the Marcham folk, who relished best a joke, a song, a bit of gossip—if it were scandalous, so much the better—to spice their monotonous daily round.

"Whatever could Jem Temple ha' seen in such a lass? He's a cheery lad, and fond of fun; leastways, he used to be, but Janey's weaning him away from all his old friends."

That was exactly what Janey most anxiously desired to do. Jem was too fond of company, of the sort of society that meets to send home its members discontented with all the world that is richer or greater than themselves. Fully as much Socialism is to be met with in the smiling, sweet, ideally-happy country as in the unlovely, dim haunts of great cities. To the imperfectly educated it has ever a powerful attraction. Jem Temple had a good situation under the miller of Marcham Mill, and his wages were enough to keep the modest home in comfort, especially with such an economical manager as Janey proved. If she did not possess as good looks and gay manners as some, Janey had one of the most priceless of womanly gifts, that of being able to make and keep a home bright and well-plenished. But there is no Eden that cannot be spoiled by the trail of a very serpent in the shape of discontent. From listening to the harmful rant of his comrades at the village club, Jem Temple began to imagine their sentiments to be his own. He grew envious of his betters, and scorned, to Janey's dismay, the comforts of his little home. He became morose and sullen, whereas Jem had been ever ready to be handy and helpful. Nothing pleased, now-a-days—nothing save Daisy, the little one whom he loved idolatrously.

"I don't care who hears it, Janey," he would say at times, "but our Daisy is fit to be a princess. In all the land there isn't a fairer or a sweeter little lass, and it just makes me mad that I haven't got the money to keep her, and you too, my girl, in grandeur."

"I don't want no grandeur!" said simple Janey, firmly. "I'd rather have Daisy and you than all the Queen's gold and her palaces. I'd not let myself get so covetous-like, Jem dear, if I was you. Sometimes, God suddenly grants a thing that we've kept on wishing for and worrying Him for, and with it He takes something so dear away that all the rest crumbles to ashes."

But Jem would not listen.

"Just look at the new squire, the rich man as has bought the Manor-house. What right has he to be rolling in money? I hate it, I do, to see his carriage and pair prancing past the mill, and his proud madam of an only daughter perked up in it!"

"Well, but, Jem, they do say he made all his gold, himself," put in Janey, gently. "He isn't one of the old quality."

"No!" said Jem, roughly. "And so much the worse! He's made his gold by sweating them that works for him, and now his daughter looks down on us as though we were dirt! I say, down with 'em all! Mark you, the day will come——"

"Dada! Dada!" There was a glad cry, and Daisy trotted into the house-place, her little hands crammed with her namesakes. "See! here's all my little brothers and sisters!"

It was an old joke the child had learnt from Jem himself, and his gloomy face brightened. Daisy was soon on his knee, for it was Sunday afternoon, and Janey as she bustled softly about, setting the tea-things, sighed; she wished that Jem could be more often in his own home and less at the club, where the bad in his nature was always stirred up. With Daisy in his arms, on the other hand, the better side of Jem was uppermost. They were a happy trio over the tea and the Sunday cake which Janey never forgot to make, until the sound of people passing the window and talking caused Jem to gloom over again.

"There's that purse-proud pair, father and daughter!" he sneered.

"'Tis the pretty lady!" cried Daisy. "The lady that gave me the sweets and the roses, mother!"

"Yes, lovey! 'Tis Miss Lucy Brookes herself," said Janey, looking nervously at Jem.

"Daisy," began Jem, "if ever I catch you taking roses or sweets from them upstart rich folk, I'll—I'll hit you!"

Daisy laughed gleefully at a threat so meaningless to her. Dad hit her! It was a joke, surely!

* * * * * *

Twenty-four hours later an agitated voice startled Jem at work in the mill.

"I say, mate, you're wanted at home. There's trouble. They say the little one's been rode over just now by the squire's carriage!"

Something seemed to snap in Jem's brain. Then a roar

"Oh, God be praised! My little one is spared!"

burst in upon it, as if the sea were let loose. That God could suffer his Daisy, the core of his heart, to be touched by harm, Jem had never so much as dreamed. He was paralysed.

"You'd better step home," urged the voice, pitifully. "I wouldn't waste time, mate, if I were you. But happen it won't be the worst."

The worst! Stung back again to life as it were by the words, Jem, without waiting to put on either coat or cap, tore home. Never had the road seemed so long as he sped across the meadows, and through the village; never were his feet so leaden. Little groups stood about the cottage doors as he passed, talking excitedly. Jem hurried his steps to reach home.

The cottage door stood open; there was a strange silence. Where was Janey? The breathless, spent man dared not enter the house. His Daisy dying! Murdered by the rich man's luxuries! Curses rose to his whitened lips at the thought.

As he leaned heavily against the door-post a murmurous sound fell on his ears, and he suddenly stood straight as if galvanised. It was a sweet, childish voice, and the words

it uttered were " . . . . and God bless dada . . ."

With a bound Jem reached the inner room, a hoarse cry of gladness breaking from him at the happy sight greeting him. Bathed in the red glow of the setting sun was his Daisy in the bed close by the window. She was saying her prayers, and Janey leant on the bed-rail, listening with reverent face.

" Oh, God be praised ! My little one is spared, then ! It was all a cruel lie ! " The strong man flung himself down by the bedside, and caught his child to him.

" Dada ! " The wide blue eyes gazed solemnly into his. " Oh, dada, Daisy tumbled under the carriage, and the pretty lady is hurted."

" Oh, Jem ! " sobbed Janey, as Jem looked the inquiry his lips could not utter. " It's quite true. She fell—our Daisy fell—and poor Miss Brookes saved her from the wheels that went over herself, and now they say the poor young lady won't live the night."

" And our Daisy's safe——" Jem got thus far, and then he felt suffocated. All sensation was merged in a frenzy of thanksgiving.

Bit by bit the explanation came. Miss Brookes had been walking from the village, and her father's carriage was coming to meet her. Daisy, seeing her " pretty lady," flew, with childish glee, to her, heedless of the shouts of the coachman and footman. The little one slipped and fell. With a rush the brave girl on the pathway dragged the child from under the horses' feet, but fell herself, and the wheels passed over her. When they picked up the young lady of the Manor they thought she was dead. For days she lay unconscious. But God's pity is far-reaching. In answer to many prayers He raised up the rich man's only daughter from the bed of death. Lucy Brookes was given back to a world that could ill spare such as she.

And Jem Temple? Every time the Manor-house carriage passes his door Jem, cured for ever " from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," stands up to say aloud, with bared head : " God bless her ! "

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON EVERYDAY NURSING.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF " MOTHERS AT HOME," " ABOUT OUR FOOD," ETC.

XI.—Wholesome Drinks.

AMONG the most trying of the smaller pains of the sick man we may reckon that of thirst, so let us see how we can help to relieve him.

When it is allowed, perhaps there is nothing really more refreshing than plain cold water, or a small piece of ice. Put all that you mean the patient to take into a glass, and no more. Nothing is more irritating to a thirsty patient than to be told he must not drink it all. This especially holds good with children. A child will sometimes say eagerly, " May I really drink all that ? " and be satisfied with a far smaller quantity if he can drink it *all*.

Remember rain water is the purest you can get, it is only the vessels it is taken in that make it dirty ; so if you can catch some in a clean white pan for your patient, do so. Whatever water you give, mind that it does not stand long in the sick-room. It absorbs all the impure gases, so you will be putting back into your patient's stomach the impurities he has thrown off.

If the doctor allows tea, see that you make it yourself, that the teapot is perfectly clean and dry before you put the tea in, and that you do not allow the water to stand on the leaves longer than three minutes. Tea can, as I have said before, be made with boiling milk instead of water. It sounds rather unpleasant, but I assure you it is very nice, and when there is a craving for tea which must not be gratified, it will be very welcome. The milk must not stand on the leaves more than one minute.

Coffee, cocoa, and lemonade are too well known to need any word from me, except to caution you not to give them without the doctor's consent ; and, of course, the lemonade should be home made.

Toast water is a favourite drink with some doctors and patients. Toast a quarter of a pound of bread with the crust left on it till it is a deep brown, turning the bread frequently while toasting it. Care should be taken to hold the toast some little way from the fire at first, and then bring it nearer. Scald out a large jug, and place the toast in it. Pour three pints of boiling water over it, and let it stand till cold, then strain it.

Barley water is nourishing as well as refreshing, if nicely made. Wash a tablespoonful of pearl barley in cold water and throw away the water. Add two or three lumps of sugar, the rind of one and the juice of half a lemon. Pour on these a quart of boiling water, and let it stand for seven or eight hours, then strain it. Remember that the barley should never be used a second time. If you boil half an ounce of isinglass in the water, you will greatly add to the nourishing qualities of this drink.

Apple water is made in the following way, and makes an agreeable change : Take two apples ; peel them, take out the core, and slice up very thin. Put a small piece of the yellowest-looking rind with the sliced apples and a little sugar in a jug. Pour a pint of boiling water on them and strain.

Linseed tea, though a somewhat old-fashioned remedy, is really a capital one for a cough. Wash two ounces of linseed, put it into a quart of cold water, with the rind of half a lemon. Be careful to cut the rind very thin, so that you avoid using the white part. Simmer for an hour and a half. Strain off the seeds, and add one teaspoonful of sugar and the juice of half a lemon for each half pint of liquid. A little root liquorice boiled with the linseed increases its soothing properties, but as some people object very much to the taste of liquorice, it is well not to use it unless you know your patient likes it.

Linseed tea, added to milk (equal parts of each), forms a capital food for delicate babies. In this case, of course, you would omit the lemon.

One word as to the medicine cupboard. Every mother should have one. It need not be an expensive affair, but whatever you do, have a sensible one which will shut in all your bottles, and not leave a dozen of them on the top shelf to be traps for dust.

I gave directions to our jobbing carpenter to make me one,—it cost fifteen shillings ; and if you have a husband who is in that line, you just persuade him to make

one or two, and get a man to put them on view in his shop. I am sure they would sell. When made to order they can be stained to match the furniture of the bedroom.

Mine has two doors with *different locks*. There is a shelf on each side, so that I have four divisions for my bottles, the lower division being deeper than the upper one. It is no larger than the ordinary ready-made medicine cupboard, so it does not stick out far from the wall, but the great advantage is that I have everything shut in out of sight.

One cupboard containing everyday remedies, which may be wanted suddenly, or when I go out for a walk, is left with the key in it. The other, containing special drugs, poisons, and things rarely used, I keep locked, and the key is on my bunch.

But you will say, perhaps, that you cannot afford to pay so much for a medicine chest, and your husband cannot make you one, therefore you must just do as well as you can and let the bottles stand about. I beg your pardon, "Where there's a will there's always a way" of one kind or another.

Just go to the grocer's and get him to let you have a cornflour box with the lid on. Make two holes in the bottom of it within four inches of one end, so that you can drive two strong brass-headed nails through to the wall. Put two small brass hinges to turn the lid into a door, and hang it up; there you have a rough cupboard. Take it down again, put in a shelf, cover it all outside with paper to match that of the wall, if you have any; if not, get the nearest you can, or a pretty contrast. A small staple and a hook will keep the door fastened, and if you cannot put the cupboard out of the children's reach, you can get a padlock and the necessary fittings for a mere trifle.

Having secured your cupboard of one kind or another, you must now fill it. The cost of this, if you have nothing to begin with, will be about five or six shillings. If you cannot spare all that at once, you can add the things from time to time.

You must have a roll of old linen or calico, and another of flannel, cut in strips about two inches wide. Some lint; mind you don't apply it wrong side out—the smooth, not the fluffy side must go next the wound. Sticking-plaister, diachylum, please. That is the stuff for bad cuts; you may have a packet of court plaister for the small ones if you like. Soap plaister; this is splendid for little heels that have blisters on them. A medicine glass, a drop glass too, if you can afford it. Two or three large needles, some pins, tape, and a pair of scissors. Also a feeding-cup, so that in cases of sudden illness you will not be driven to using a teapot, as a friend of mine was once, when her boy had a fall which cut his lip open, so that it had to be all sewn and plaistered up.

That's about all the odds and ends which are really necessary, and as much as you will find room for. Now for the medicine bottles.

SOME CASTOR OIL.—Dose—children, one teaspoonful; adults, one tablespoonful.

IPECACUANHA. — Dose—children, five to ten drops in water; adults, ten to twenty. Good for bronchitis and croup. When vomiting is desired, half to one teaspoonful, according to age.

SPIRITS OF MINDERERUS.—Good for producing perspiration in cases of cold and feverish attacks. Dose—children, aged from six to twelve years, one teaspoonful; adults, one tablespoonful. A splendid remedy, if taken when the first symptoms of cold appear, is the above quantity of Mindererus with a few drops of spirits of nitre, and spirits of camphor. Be sure that you have these last two in your cupboard.

A SMALL BOTTLE OF LAUDANUM, for earache, toothache, etc.

FRIAR'S BALSAM, applied on lint or rag; it stops bleeding, and is also good for inhaling. One teaspoonful in a pint of boiling water.

BAUME DU COMMANDEUR, for the children's earache. Warm in a spoon, and apply on cotton wool; warm, not *hot*, mind.

CARBONATE OF SODA.—Fifteen grains in a quart of milk will prevent its turning sour. About as much as will cover a sixpence put in the baby's bottle will sometimes prevent flatulence, but you must not give it too often.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE, for fomentations.

SENNA LEAVES, for the children.

A BOTTLE OF LINSEED OIL, and a bottle of

LIME WATER, for burns or scalds; but keep them separate, or they will turn rancid. I have told you how to apply them.

If you have all these remedies at hand, and know how to use them, you will save a good many doctor's bills, and much worry and suffering. So you see your medicine cupboard will soon pay for itself. In sickness and accidents there never was a truer application of the proverb, "Penny wise, ponud foolish."

Hints for Busy Housewives.

A MUSICAL CRADLE.—An enterprising inventor has lately brought out an ingenious cradle. By turning a handle in communication with some internal mechanism the cradle will rock itself for half an hour, and in specially severe cases a string of soft lullabies can be simultaneously switched on. The most fractious baby will, it is said, give way to this treatment.

Sewer Gas.—See that this insidious poison does not enter the house. While it may not beget scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, and other contagious diseases, it easily becomes the vehicle of conveying them through obscure and intricate channels.

Lung Colds.—When going from a warm atmosphere into a cool one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before reaching the lungs.

Beware of Dampness.—Security from dampness and stagnant water is not only security from malarial fevers, but also, in a great measure, from consumption, scrofula, rheumatism, and various other diseases.

To Test a Damp Bed.—To ascertain whether a bed is damp or not, put a glass tumbler in between the sheets; and if the bed be damp, traces of moisture will appear on the inside of the glass.

Decaying Matter.—Do not forget that wherever there is a collection of putrefying organic matter, whether on the ground, in the ground within a faulty sewer, or under a habitation, there lurks a tireless foe to health and life.

Protective Clothing.—Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

Mud Stains.—It is useful to know that traces of mud may be removed from black dresses by rubbing the stains with raw potatoes.

To Tighten Chair Seats.—It may not be generally known that cane-seated chair-bottoms which have become sagged may be made tight again by washing them with hot soap suds and leaving them to dry in the open air.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BOYS are wearing knickerbockers of rather a different shape from those generally used for some time past. They are now cut wider and longer, and are drawn in below the knee with an elastic, or a band, which buckles or hooks at the side. There is very little difference in the quantity of cloth used for this pattern, and we think they wear better, as there is more room at the knees. We are not giving an illustration of knickers made in this style, but our readers can have a pattern in any size, price sixpence halfpenny, by applying in the usual way.

Fig. 41.

There is also a new-shaped blouse, called the Cowboy blouse, which fastens close up at the neck, and thus obviates the use of a flannel front. The sailor collar finishes in front in a round turned-down collar instead of turning back like revers. It fastens down the centre, the button-holes being made in a stay set on under the right. Anchors are worked in silk on the sailor collar instead of the usual badge on the left arm. These blouses are so easily made that we strongly advise our readers who are needing such garments to purchase some good cloth, either serge or tweed, and make them —so much also may be saved by doing so. A pattern can be supplied to our readers if desired.

Ladies' bonnets seem likely to assume more reasonable dimensions, the Marie Louise shape being large enough to cover the head and ears entirely.

There is great preference shown for double-breasted dress bodices, with revers or a broad collar of moiré or some other trimming. The front is filled in in various ways; indeed, many ladies have two or three fronts to change with one dress.

Fig. 42.

Fig. 41. Here we show a pattern suitable for a lady's or elder girl's mantle. The back is tight-fitting, and is finished with a hood lined with silk. The pelerine sleeve fits into the side seam at the back, and also into the shoulder, being brought close up to the neck in front like an ordinary pelerine. This pattern is very suitable for rain-proof, or what is called impregnated woollen cloth, as it can be put on so easily over another garment. No trimming will be necessary, except a piece of silk to line the collar and hood. It will be well to make the hood to button on, so that it can be removed when desired. No tight-fitting under-sleeve will be required. The mantle can be double-breasted if preferred.

Fig. 42 illustrates an overcoat suitable for a boy from seven to twelve years of age. A deep cape can be added, which gives a nice finish, especially for little boys. The coat will require lining, so that it will be necessary to stitch the cloth seams first and well press them, after which the lining must be felled on neatly to the cloth. The pocket-flaps are not at all difficult to make, and the buttonholes are set on to a stay under the front turning.

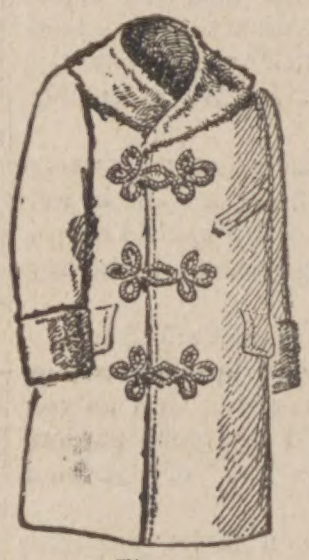

Fig. 43.

Fig. 43. This is a little boy's overcoat, say between the ages of three and seven. It is made of loose woolly cloth, with astrakan collar and cuffs, and need not be lined except down the fronts, where a facing of Italian cloth about six inches wide will be necessary. The cord fastenings ensure a pretty finish, and are very convenient, as it is very difficult to make fastenings in a cloth of this kind. The breast-pocket might be dispensed with, as it is not very easy to make, and false flaps would do instead of real pockets at the sides—boys so frequently disfigure their coats by filling the pockets too full.

Fig. 44. This pattern shows a girl's apron very suitable for school wear, in which case it should be made of Italian cloth or alpaca; but for an afternoon apron, muslin or diaper may be used. The skirt is large enough to cover all the dress skirt, and is feather stitched above the wide hem. The body is made to button down the back, and is trimmed with lace edging. It will be as well to make a pocket in the apron, as it may be difficult to get at the dress pocket when the handkerchief is required.

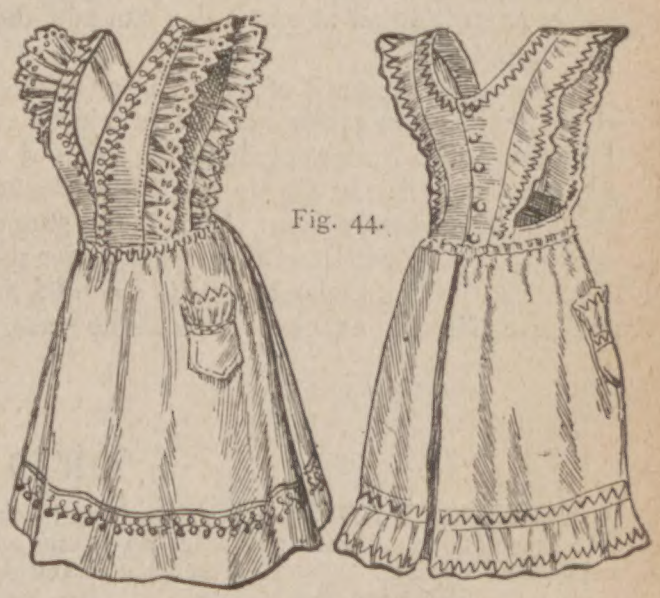

Fig. 44.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 41, 42, and 43, 6½d. each; Fig. 44, 4½d. Address, "M.C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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